towers, and out of peacocks' mouths, in bewildering wiles. For most of these subtleties a woman's brain is responsible, as well as for the citadel. But it is to her greatest gift, she who was the King's almoner to the poor, to the huge water-tank that she has left her name, It is called to-day the Chand BaurI. Near there is the half-finished tomb of Adil Shah. Its double colonnades, with their perfect Gothic arches, point to what love's memory meant to do. But the gods would not allow Chand Bibi even her sorrow in peace. Not for her the luxury of grief. The traitor within overthrown, the invader appears at the gates. We see her in person going from post to post on the walls, this girl of twenty-five, cheering her soldiers all through one rainy season. This siege lasted one year, after which the internal discords ceased, and the invaders withdrew.

Once more the relentless gods struck. The Queen went to her childhood's home, to the Kingdom of Ahmednagar, for a wedding.

There a family tragedy took place, and her royal father and brother were at war. This led to revolution, and Queen Chand put her forces of Bijapur in the field. It is pleasant to know that her latter days were peaceful. Her

regency